

Daily Eagle

SNOWFLAKES

How they fly all thro' the air,
Merrily,
Making glad the wood and glen,
Gleefully,
Now they dance along the way,
Glancing o'er the frozen bay,
Feathery flakes alight the cold, clear day,
Swiftly on the schoolboy slides
Launching;
Bright his eye, and his cheek glows
Rosily,
Now his happy, joyous glance
Doth the old and young entrance,
The day for childhood's sweet romance.

Hoary age is creeping on
Faintly;
Slightly now he picks his way
Carefully,
How the snowflakes dance and frolic,
Over his head and around his neck,
Caring not that he is old and weak.
Now the wild, free dance is o'er,
Finally,
Each pearl flake assumes her place
Gracefully;
Till they everywhere have lurid
Fleecy snow robes o'er the world;
Where deep night has round her silence furled.
—Mabel Hayden.

MILITARY DRILL FOR GIRLS.

Teaching Them How to Walk Gracefully.
Developing the Figure.

The English custom of a military drill in female institutions of learning has been introduced into this country, and is already producing fine results. The pupils who daily go through these exercises are distinguished from other young ladies by their more erect bearing, their strong, vigorous appearance, their graceful and confident movements, and, beyond all, their superior and easy walk. This last was the original object of the exercise, and the instructor was known as the drill or walking class. One of the female institutions of Baltimore has adopted this mode of instructing and developing its pupils physically, and every afternoon for thirty minutes, the school is put through the exercises by an expert drill master.

The scene presented is novel and interesting to any who have the privilege of witnessing it, whether they are parents, young adults of either sex or children. The class of girls, numbering about thirty, form as would a company of the Fifth regiment, the command "Fall in," and await further orders. Though most of them have only been drilled since the opening of the school in September, they are already proficient and soldierly in their bearing, so rapidly does the young female take instruction. All the maneuvers are executed with accuracy and alacrity, neatly, and with evident relish. Common time, quick time and double quick time are made at word of command, and they come to a good halt from a double quick. The drop on one knee, as if to receive a cavalry charge, is well done, the movement probably being the most warlike of all the exercises. A whistle at the knee and the full action at the hip joints are parts of the requirements. One of the most pleasant features of the drill is to see these happy, smiling young creatures go through the various salutes. A spectator leaves after witnessing the drill with thoughts of cheerful youth, beauty, female warriors and future society belles. He is also fully impressed with the fact that the participants in the drill have style of carriage, full chests and upright shoulders that are sadly wanting in most American girls. It is the habit of outdoor walking that gives to the English woman her lower loss of life and greater duration of physical charms. The English woman's foot is larger and firmer than that of her American cousin, but just as shapely.

The walking customs of the English and German ladies are being introduced into America, and are long it is hoped that the high order of American female beauty may be as durable and as marked in advanced life as it is now perishable and uncertain. In Baltimore the lawn tennis clubs, the gymnasium exercise and horseback riding have done much toward putting the English woman's active and healthy, symmetrical and graceful. —Baltimore Sun.

BIXBY WAS CALM

When One of the Children Was Seized with the Croup the Other Night.

One of the Bixby children was seized with a fit of croup the other night. Bixby heard the little fellow's labored breathing, and bounding clear over the footboard of the bed yelled "Croup!" in about the same voice that the escaped idiot yells "Fire!" at the theatre. Then he tried to put his mouth on over his head, but finally got them on wrong side out, and tore into his shirt with it wrong side in front.

"Jump!" he screamed to his wife, "there isn't a second to lose! Get the syrup of squills! Put on a tub of hot water! Give him something to drink! Get hot flannels on his chest instantly! Hurry! hurry! Don't lie there doing nothing while the child is choking to death! Fly around!"

Mrs. Bixby is one of those meek but eminently sensible and practical little women who never get a tenth part of the credit for the good they do to this world. When Bixby was racing up and down stairs, declaring that nobody was doing anything but himself, Mrs. Bixby quietly took the little sufferer in hand.

"Do something quick!" screamed Bixby, as he upset a pan of hot water on the bed and turned a warmer of melted lead over on the dressing case. "Here, somebody, quick!" he yelled. "Can't anybody do a thing but me! Run for the doctor, some of you. Give the child some more squills. Is there anything hot at his feet? Give him ammonia. Hought to have a spoon of oil. He's got relief instantly! Well, here there's nobody but me trying to do a thing but me! Bring him some warm water with a little soda in it. He ought to have been put into a hot bath an hour ago. Heat up the bath room! What's on his chest? Great heavens! Has the child got to die because no one will do a thing for him?" Mrs. Bixby quietly and unobtrusively brought the child around all right and sits with him until daylight, after she has quieted Bixby down and got him to bed.

And next morning he has the gall to say at the office: "One of my little chaps nearly died with croup last night, and I had mighty hard work bringing him around all right but I did, after working like a Trojan all night. It's a terrible disease and scares women nearly to death. They fly all to pieces right off. A person wants their wits about them. You want to keep perfectly cool and not fool away a second in hysterics. That's where a man has the advantage over a woman in managing a case of croup. It's mighty lucky I was at home to take my little chap in hand." —Tall Bits.

A Most Remarkable Fossil.

Professor H. G. Seeley exhibited the most remarkable fossil which has ever been found to the geologists. This fossil showed the development of the young of plesiosaurs. Until this fossil had been found and forwarded to him he had sought throughout the collections of Europe for evidence on that development, but without success. No incident in the history of fossilization was more singular than that which this specimen displayed. The fossil was a series of numerous of minute plesiosaurs, less than five inches in length, which had the substance of their flesh perfectly preserved and their bones preserved within the flesh. The remains showed different conditions of development. This was the only case that had occurred of the mummification of the embryo of the parent and the preservation of the external form of these animals; and so perfect was the preservation that the circle of the eye was preserved, and the constituent bones could be distinguished. —Pall Mall Gazette.

A HOSTESS' CORDIAL GREETING.

Novel Reception of a Stranger—Unique Hospitality—A Suggestion.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit, and helpful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the west, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y's abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

"We are so accustomed to travelers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel stained and exhausted, and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready."

"But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting you to so much trouble. I—"

"Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y. "A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through from Boston."

The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow her scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bathroom, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicality of American hospitality.

In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him. "I have you found everything to your mind," she said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath, and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train."

"What?" cried the hostess aghast. "You are not going?"

"Unfortunately, I must. I only stopped over a train to call on you."

"Mercy!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you had come to remain. You certainly can't go away now when I haven't seen you at all."

"I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I always shall remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality."

The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the entertainment of her friends, who declared that such a case of entertaining callers was one which deserved to be widely introduced, as it would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse. —Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

A Fatal Habit of Speech.

I heard on State street the other day an authentic story of detective acuteness. Everybody is familiar with the trick that many men have of capping whatever they hear said, when they do not dissent, with some favorite expression. Thus one man says "precisely," another "exactly," and there is a considerable faction for whom the words "just so" or "to be sure" seem to fill the required need. Not long ago a Boston man stole a large sum of money from his employer and fled to the west. A description of him was sent to detectives and police superintendents generally, and about a month after his escape a Minnesota officer telegraphed that he thought he had his eye upon the person wanted. His appearance, however, was very different from that described in the circular. The situation was a pressing one; if the supposed criminal was such in fact he might at any moment fly to Canada; on the other hand, to arrest an innocent person would cause a good deal of trouble.

The object was to identify the man if possible within a few hours. In this emergency the Boston detective in charge of the case examined and cross-examined the thief's employees as to his peculiarities. They could hit upon nothing distinctive till finally the detective inquired in a moment of inspiration if he had any particular way of expressing himself. "Yes," was the reply; "I never knew the fellow to talk three minutes without saying, 'believe you.'"

In half an hour the information was telegraphed to the west, within four hours the Minnesota detective had a long chat with his man, and before night the thief was arrested. —Boston Post.

Emerson as a Lecturer.

His lecturing was forced upon him more and more. His family was increasing. He kept open house. He had to buy more land to protect his view.

"SECOND STORY" THIEVES.

HOW THEIR DARING ROBBERIES ARE GENERALLY CARRIED OUT.

Jobs That Are Done Only After Careful Planning—Jewelry the Peculiar Plunder of the "Second Story" Thief—Rarely Caught at Work.

The most effective work at present among those who steal for a living, is being done by what is technically known to the trade as "second story" men. Robberies by this class of thieves have become alarmingly frequent, and there have been many cases reported to the police, few of which have been made public, because the thieves have not been caught and it is the policy of the police department to keep everything quiet when success has not attended their efforts.

"Second story" thieves have been under "cover" for a long while, and this city has been free from their depredations. Where they have come from so suddenly is a mystery. Their work is first class and they must be good men, experts in their line. Their efforts are characterized by boldness and dash that must make old "Troy" Dennis smile in his grave. "Troy" is still treasured in the minds of thieves, as well as detectives, as the king of the "second story" workers. He was cool, daring and brave, and had a chivalrous strain that would not permit him to injure any one weaker physically than himself. He died with his boots on. While climbing a pillar in Fifth street he loosened a heavy stone, and it fell on him and flattened him out like a piece of paper.

After Dennis the famous men are Long John Garvey and "Jack" Reilly, the leader of the Murray Hill gang. Garvey walked through a skylight in Brooklyn and had the flesh pretty well scraped from his bones, and was killed. Reilly did a neat job in "cleaning out" a Lexington avenue house. He took the stolen goods back for a reward. The amount did not suit him and he removed the goods again. It will be many years yet before he can practice his profession, for he is now making shoes for the state. With this trio out of the way New Yorkers have been able for several years to enjoy a dinner in comfort without feeling nervous about their treasures in the upper stories.

A GOOD "SECOND STORY" MAN.

"Second story" thieves are technically described as a cross between a burglar and a sneak thief. They are usually tall, slim fellows, possessed of great strength and nerve. They take pride in their calling and look upon a highwayman or pickpocket as beneath their notice. Comparatively few thieves have the grit to follow this line. Their number is thus limited, and they become well known and respected by the fraternity. They are known as the "long chance" men in the thieves' vocabulary. They are all quick witted and intelligent and do not have the brutal instinct of many kinds of thieves who go around with murder in their hearts. There is fellow feeling among them and they never "sneak."

"Second story" jobs are not done by rash impulse, but only after careful study and planning. Sometimes there are two partners, but more often three. It is a rare thing for them to work alone, unless they turn up broke and a stranger place. One of the gang makes a special business of locating places to be robbed. He picks out a house with a front stoop and portico, or else where there is a leader, piazza or some other arrangement that will give a foothold in the rear. The business of the occupants is looked into. Brokers are considered the best prey and bankers come next. Jewelry is the peculiar plunder of these thieves. Sometimes their attention is attracted by the names and description of jewelry worn at social gatherings.

The habits of the inmates of the house are studied with great care and a note is made of the number of servants and their method of working. When any of the family leave the house a "piper off" takes a good look at the jewelry. All this takes time. When enough has been found to indicate that it will pay the house is said to be "planted" and a time is set for the work. Winter, when night comes on early and quickly, is the "second story" man's season. The "piper off" never does the stealing, as he may have been seen in the neighborhood and could be identified. At dusk the thief approaches the house. He knows what the people within are doing in a general way. The going that sounds for dinner is the signal for the "climber" to slip on his rubber, if he has not already put on a pair of shoes with rubber soles. The lookout is stationed close at hand to give the thief warning after he has got inside.

FIVE WORK WITH A "JIMMY."

Time is given for the family to get thoroughly interested in the good things before them, and then the thief, with a glance in every direction, starts on his journey. Thieves are, of course, but they never, it is said, undertake a job without just a little quivering around the heart at the beginning.

The climber follows the plan which has been previously marked out as the easiest way of gaining admittance, either in front or rear. With soft, stealthy, catlike movements he goes up to the second story, sometimes jumping, and then raising his body with his hands and arms. If the window is locked it is only a second's work to slip the fastening with a wire. Once in the house the thief takes out a "jimmy," which is about a foot long and has a claw at one end. He takes in everything in the room at a glance. The light is usually burning dim. He does not touch it. Bureau drawers, the doors of closets and wardrobes fly open at the touch of the jimmy, as if it were a magic wand. The thief works at high speed, with his ear listening for a footstep in the hall. There is no time to examine jewelry, and everything that sparkles or shines is taken. It is tested afterward. If a decent haul is made on the second floor the thief quietly departs as he came, but if he is not satisfied he will go higher and take his chances. Once in the street again the thief goes unconcernedly away, as not to attract attention, and then gets under "cover" and waits until the robbery is safe before coming out.

"Second story" thieves are rarely, if ever, caught at work. In the olden time, when the men in this line were all known, it was usually easy to get them after a robbery. They are all new men at it now, and the police are at a loss which way to turn to capture them. —New York Tribune.

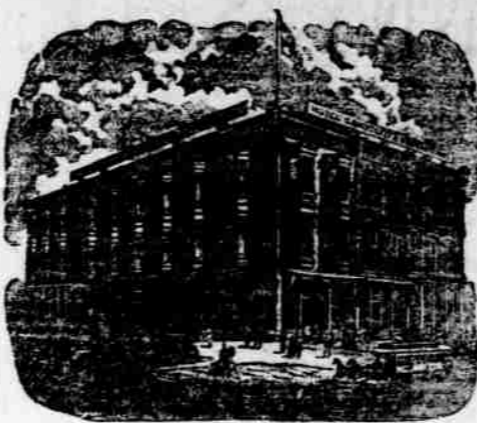
VOICE is slowly sinking into the sea.

Mexican Waterports.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico says that recent serious damage done by washouts on the northern section of the Mexican Central road was due to waterports bursting on the track, and that it is a curious fact that waterports seem to be attracted by the iron track and telegraph wires. Recently in building the Guadalupe branch of the Mexican Central railway, it has been noticed by engineers that as fast as the construction advances rain follows, and they hold that this is due to the large quantity of steel rails on the cars, which are carried forward as fast as the work of construction permits. The most noticeable fact is that the country is dry in advance of the construction trains and also behind them for many miles. Rains beat down, as described in localities, just as the steel rails are, but only in circles a few miles in diameter. —Rochester Democrat.

In the Swiss Hotels.

The fashionable Swiss hotels now have American bars, presided over by handsome Swiss girls in native dress. This is said to account for the withdrawal of English patronage.



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